

POEMS  
ON  
VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

to which is added

A Selection  
OF  
HYMNS, &c.

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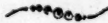


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## POEMS.



### AN ADDRESS TO EACH LIBERAL MIND OF THE CRITIC CLASS.

YE Reverend Censors of the present age,  
Who doom to silent fate the puerile page,  
Who ease the press of many a laboured birth,  
The parent fondly views of valued worth;  
Who deal instruction, while with truth condemn,  
Long may such critics live to rule the pen!  
Indulgent hear a slighted Muse's claim:—  
To strew with sweets fair Virtue's peaceful plain,  
And paint her native charms, I humbly aim;  
Ambition vanquished by Urania's joys,  
Has no vain wish Parnassus' mount to rise,  
Or soar with Pegasus to gain the prize.  
Harmonic notes are notes which rise to fame,  
Eclipsing talents, and the high-wrought name  
Which envy rivals—in attempt to reign.  
The melting softness of poetic lays  
Can only grasp the ever-shining bays!

These all recede when mortal passions die !  
 When hopes are centered in the realms of joy !  
 Possessed of peace while in this mortal vale,  
 Thy spell, Religion, soothes each stormy gale ;  
 Fame's wreath may fade, but Virtue's *cannot* fail.  
 The eager soul, enlarged by grace divine,  
 Pants for celestial honours all sublime ;  
 As vital æther pent in brittle clay  
 Bursts its frail bounds, then mounts to brightest day.  
 I ask no suffrage, and no praise I seek,  
 Where merit's dumb, no votive warmth can speak.  
 Untutored minds I wish not to address,  
 Mute is all excellence they can't possess.  
 Pure virtue kindled at a kindred fane,  
 Oft renders praise it cannot justly claim ;  
 No tropes nor graces suit my *moral strain*.  
 The noble soul, elate with generous fire,  
 Disdains to censure when it can't admire.  
 Knowledge refined by scientific merit,  
 Will yield to lesser worth its panegyric ;  
 In minds improved, the warmest virtues glow ;  
 From wisdom's fount untainted feelings flow,  
 Mental delights the virtuous only know.  
 The great and good, with *honour*, can't presume  
 To steal one feather from a young-fledged plume.





## AN ADDRESS TO BRITANNIA.

**H**AIL! fair Britannia! thou mild protectress  
 Of this sea-girt isle! thou free and sovereign  
 Mistress of the main! Thy honoured fame's  
 Reverberated sound has winged its flight  
 To distant shores of every foreign clime! —  
 Oh may indulgent Heaven propitious  
 Grant thee still to sit secure beneath its  
 Smiling canopy — protected by its  
 Power! triumphant and elate, in virtue  
 Clad! amid surrounding foes, who envy  
 Conquests they have never won. Defend the  
 British wreath, of honours nobly gained: let  
 No confederate arts, nor strong auxiliary  
 Bands, dare steal, from the once blooming chaplet,  
 One neglected flower! Oh! teach thy generous  
 Youth to spurn the Gallic fury; nor let  
 The lawless rage of democratic pride  
 Appal the British breast! recal their minds  
 To view the annalled fame of ancestry!  
 Immortal standards! to the human heart  
 Of true heroic zeal, and pure untainted  
 Love to King and Country! rehearse their noble  
 Deeds—till fired with patriotic virtues,  
 Eager they emulate their reverend sires,  
 And pant to share those honours purchased by  
 Their fathers' blood!—Thou great first Cause and Source  
 Of every good! Thou who hast formed, and can  
 Alone reform the human heart, give to  
 Thy free-born sons congenial thought: direct  
 And rule each secret spring for public good!

Avert the evils pending o'er their heads!  
 Grant them to trust alone in Power Omnipotent!  
 On basis thus immutable and strong,  
 In union with the virtues of the heart  
 And wisdom of the State, a solid hope  
 Is fixed. In one collected trope of pious  
 Ardour, mutual confidence, and harmony  
 Of mind, to conquer, and secure their conquests  
 By lasting peace. May this blest time arrive  
 With rapid speed, the general voice proclaims!  
 Then peals of sonorous joy, in unison,  
 Would burst from every feeling breast in one  
 Grand choir, piercing the skies, and thence arise  
 As grateful incense, in strains of praise to  
 Heaven! O may its choicest blessings descend  
 To greet this welcome period, falling  
 Like Nature's gentle showers, and light upon  
 The heads of true-born Britons.

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#### AN ODE ON FRIENDSHIP:

**G**RANT me to walk with saints on earth,  
 Commune on heav'nly joys,  
 To keep celestial truths in view,  
 And press to reach the prize.  
 'Tis friendly converse that exhales  
 All feculence of mind,  
 Its mental faculties dilates,  
 And gives a bliss refined.  
 Friendship, unmixed with gross alloy,  
 Dwells not in selfish souls;

The

The noble vigour of that fire,  
Deceit and self controuls.

The social hours and days of peace  
Are all to friendship given ;  
These choicest gifts are lent below,  
As antepasts of heaven.

Sweet confidence, *thou friendly band !*  
Uniting kindred souls,  
Though placed by fate as *far remote*,  
*Far* as the distant poles —

No mental charms, no brilliant wit,  
Can social bliss bestow ;  
If *Confidence* is banished *hence*,  
*Cold* are our joys below.

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### THE FOLLOWING

WAS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND ON GIVING TOO EASY CREDIT TO A  
MISREPRESENTATION.

MAY GOD, supreme above,  
Be my support and trust,  
Direct me by his love  
To practice what is just.  
Cease then, vain cares, be still,  
Nor once disturb a mind  
That seeks a Father's will,  
And to that will's resigned.  
Shall troubles now corrode  
These faculties of soul,  
Detached from earth's dull load,  
To reach a higher goal ?

Should friends mistaken, *dare*  
 To censure or condemn,  
 May I serenely bear,  
 Nor censure them again.

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### ON A BIRTH - DAY.

CALL home thy thoughts, my soul!  
 Nor let this day unnoticed pass;  
 To fleet with months, with years, away.

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### AN ELEGIACK,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. G----- H-----,

THAT lowly soul, so late enshrined in clay,  
 Has fled these precincts, to celestial day!  
 Her path with purest virtue here she trod,  
 And as the Christian humbly walked with God.  
 In all the duties of her mortal sphere  
 She meekly moved, with conscientious fear:  
 While silent virtue speaks the Christian's name,  
 It proves, Religion ~~does~~ all sect disclaim. *doth*  
 Here virtues, like exotics, grow awhile,  
 But droop and languish for their native soil.  
 A milder clime thy gentle spirit sought,  
 Where love and peace to extacy are wrought;  
 Where seraph angels the arrival wait,  
 To hail and welcome every pious saint:  
 On golden harps, in choral sounds sublime,  
 There kindred souls in lays seraphic join.  
 No lawless bands\* shall there disturb thy breast,  
 No bigot monster enter to molest:

The

\* The riot in Birmingham in 1791, had greatly injured the feelings of the Lady, from depredations suddenly committed, and more apprehended.



The gentle current of thy peaceful soul  
 There freely flows, nor dreads unjust controul:  
 There strains of love and harmony attune:  
 There virtues flourish in eternal bloom:  
 No blighting envy there thy bliss annoys;  
 Celestial order gives immortal joys.

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### CONTEMPLATIVE EFFUSIONS.

A SWEET assemblage of serene delights now flow  
 In purest streams, and wake my soul to extacy  
 Of joy, filling the mental void. All sublunary  
 Joy in quick succession flies: borne on the wing  
 Of disappointed hope, it transient lights  
 On mortal scenes below. But when the passions  
 All are hushed to peace by thy melliferous  
 Power, O Truths divine; with these prepared,  
 The soul contented sits, amid the storms of Fate,  
 Fitted, as Heaven commands, for life or death.

That real bliss, by Heaven bestowed on man,  
 Glows in the tender breast, impregnated with  
 Friendship's purest fire, kindled by real  
 Excellence in soul reciprocal. Then harmony  
 Attunes the mind to peace, and every finer thought  
*Does* to perfection grow, with all the charm  
 Of confidence; a sweet exchange of thought succeeds,  
 Which the licentious breast can never know,  
 Nor vulgar thought conceive. These are the fine  
 Delights of kindred souls. Here earth-born care  
 By tender sympathetic voice is lessened

Till

Till it is lost: confiding sentiment in each  
Can rest secure, and find its bliss at home.

While these are thine, O lovely Virtue! let  
Pleasure's votaries unenvy'd pace, with vagrant  
Step, their giddy round of Folly's vortex.

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### AN HYMN EXTEMPORE,

ON READING THE SIXTY-SIXTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

PERMIT us, Lord, to read and know,

And tremble at thy word,

And by our pious fear and trust,

To prove the ways of God are just.

With heart submissive and resigned,

We'll wait and bear thy rod,

Our ground of faith must first be proved,

Then are our enemies subdued.

To thee, O Lord, it does belong,

To guide us in our way,

To shield us from delusions strong,

Meteors wand'ring *ever* wrong.

Oh! let not evil ever dwell

With thy own people, Lord,

As bright examples may they shine

As mirrors, clear of Cause Divine.

The brethren who conspire with hate

Against the just, may say,

"To glorify God's holy name,

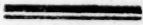
We'll cast them from our pious train."

Look

Look up with hope, ye chosen few,  
 Your confidence maintain,  
 A righteous God the time best knows,  
 To hurl confusion on his foes.

Thy voice of joy shall recompence  
 The meek and upright heart ;  
 And on thy enemies ordain  
 A *pointed* mark of *endless shame*.

Rejoice, ye saints, enraptured sing,  
 And hail Jerusalem's great King !  
 Should treacherous bands your peace annoy,  
 He'll crown you with immortal joy.



### SAFETY TO SUCH AS TRUST IN GOD.

Psalm one hundred and twenty-fifth.

WITH humble trust and refuge sure,  
 The just on God depend,  
 He in affliction's furnace tries,  
 Yet ever is their friend.

Jerusalem can rest secure,  
 And smile at every foe ;  
 God's blessed mount is girt with peace,  
 To all his saints below.

Should he permit the wicked's rod  
 To fall, and long oppress,  
 To guard their hands and souls from sin,  
 His power denies it rest.

Thy mercy and thy love I ask  
 For every upright soul ;

May

May every tongue, united, raise  
 Thy praise from pole to pole.  
 But those who walk in crooked paths,  
 And righteous ways despise,  
 Thy own protect from their deceit,  
 And bless with peaceful joys.



THIRSTING AFTER THE SPIRITUAL SENSE  
 OF THE BLESSED WORD,

To hungry souls thou dost impart  
 Thy heavenly food, O Lord,  
 And teach them, by thy gifts and grace,  
 How all thy truths accord.  
 With infantine simplicity  
 We'll yield our hearts to thee ;  
 Give up our finite powers  
 To vast infinity.  
 The blessed key to God's own word  
 His spirit only gives ;  
 The internal *treasures of that word*,  
 Alone belong to his.  
 The subtle heart and selfish hand  
 Thy perfect spirit flies,  
 Ere human breasts can share its peace,  
 All vile corruption dies.  
 Thou hast directed all to know  
 The goats from thy own sheep ;

Those



Those who unite good works to faith,  
 Thou'lt *only bless* and keep.  
 Who, trembling at thy awful power,  
 Are just in all their ways,  
 Disdaining bribes — those *tempting lures*  
 Of *riches — honours — praise*.  
 On thee, O Lord, our strength depends,  
 May this a lesson be  
 To all thy own of Israel,  
 To *trust alone in thee*.



### THE EFFECT OF MALICE.

THE noble soul will never share  
 Detraction's forked tongue,  
 But looks indignant, when it speaks  
 A charge 'gainst virtue wrong.  
 Envy — that self-tormenting fiend,  
 All virtue must annoy ;  
 A charm it cannot claim itself ;  
 It levels to destroy.  
 Merit it follows like a shade,  
 And wrecks the fairest fame ;  
 Though in a covert virtue's hid,  
 That's sure to be its aim.  
 However pleasing to bestow  
 That fragrant incense, praise,  
 To give it where it is not due,  
 Must justly censure raise.

The

The critic just will point out vice,  
 And guard the unwary mind  
 To shun the lures that oft are spread  
 To catch the best inclined.

When Solomon addressed his God  
 For heav'nly wisdom's aid,  
 His heart approved — he blessed his prayer,  
 And great his wisdom made.

When treachery's band attempts to dupe  
 The mind divinely taught,  
 The heaven-born soul no peace can find;  
 It flies the wicked's thought.

Pointed that adage here appears,  
 That birds of each degree  
 To natures similar unite  
 From strong affinity.

No arts nor forgery combined  
 Can make the just believe,  
 That worth and merit never dwell  
 With those they can't deceive.

If virtue found its just reward  
 In Cottage or in Court,  
 Content in passage strewed with flowers,  
 It might forget its port.

AN EVENING DEPRECATION TO THE  
SUPREME BEING.

UNNUMBERED mercies must require  
An angel's tongue, a seraph's fire,  
To celebrate the source divine,  
And laud in language all sublime.  
May peace divine attune my breast,  
And give my slumbers soothing rest;  
Bid welcome pure, celestial joys,  
Ere balmy sleep steal on my eyes:  
But first my actions I'll survey  
From morning dawn to close of day,  
And if a rebel thought did glide  
Unheeded through the mental void,  
With humble trust and heart sincere  
I'll deprecate the Power I fear,  
And banish every thought that dare  
Obstruct the sweets of ardent prayer.  
Have I the Christian maxim used,  
Repaid with *good* the *good* abused,  
And wrongs from neighbours, when from hate,  
Meekly resign'd to heavenly fate?  
Has malice rankled in my heart  
When treachery vile ~~has~~ played its part? *hall*  
Or have I said, with candour true,  
"Father, forgive them what they do?"  
When Slander's voice does sly defame  
The virtue which it dare not name,

Do

Do I with silence hear the tale,  
 And suffer Envy to prevail?  
 When chilling penury and woe  
 Has sought my charity to know,  
 Have I with-held my little store?  
 Or have I wished that pittance more?  
 Does every finer feeling glow  
 With ardour to relieve the woe?  
 And meek-eyed Charity prepare  
 Each tender sense to take its share?  
 Has pity dropped her tender tear  
 O'er sorrows which it dreads to hear?  
 Or has my mind refused to bear,  
 And rescue grief from black despair?  
 Sweet sympathy, when kindly given,  
 Is incense that ascends to Heaven,  
 And thence returns to cheer the blest  
*With softest peace, the virtuous breast.*  
 For mild humanity bestows  
 A lenient balm to sorrow's throws;  
 It charms and lulls to passive rest,  
 Grievs that have *long* and *sore* oppress.  
 Those talents, thou, my God, hast given,  
 To prove and make me meet for Heaven;  
 Thy grace and strength, I trust, alone  
 To use, and make thy glory known.  
 The christian warfare must supply  
 A train of uses to employ;  
 My soul supine, to action rise,  
 At once to seize that *rest* and *prize*,  
 Should conscience calm approve the past,  
 Of all the day from first to last,

Then



Then gentle sleep come close my eyes,  
Prepared for death or life to rise.

If guardian angels ever wait  
On frailty in a mortal state,  
Indulgent Heaven, Oh! hear my prayer!  
To bless me with their watchful care.

Should whispers of their glorious state,  
My mind with mystic truths elate,  
Oh! may that heavenly wisdom fire  
My ardent soul, to join their choir.

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### A POEM.

JEPHTHAH'S CONQUEST OVER THE CHILDREN OF AMMON, AND  
HIS DAUGHTER'S SELF-DEDICATION TO THE  
LORD.

WHEN Israel in Radesh dwelt;  
The Lord their patience tried,  
All insults passively they bore,  
The scoffs and taunts of heathen pride.  
A righteous few he often proves  
By persecutions, marked with love;  
His sufferings we must share below,  
Or vain our hope to reign above.  
Harrassed with all the powers around,  
The mazy wilderness they trod,  
Nor comforts in it could they find,  
Till, all RESIGNED, they *sought* their God.

Then,

Then, when their rebel hearts were *changed*,  
 Their *love* and *faith* *refined* and *proved*,  
 His wrath *appeased*, he heard their cry,  
 And pity *strong* the father moved.

Jephthah, though hated of his house,  
 With *valour* *blessed* and *martial* *skill*,  
 And to subdue their enemies,  
 An outcast *chose* to *work* his will.

Though rash, yet pious was his vow!  
 From heart *elate*, with prayer *upraised*!  
 The sacred power with which *he wrought*,  
 Called for a victim of his praise.

But lo! the parent's feelings shrunk;  
 When he beheld his darling child  
 With fond affection fast approach  
 With greetings sweet, to soothe his toil.

Transfixed with dread the Father stood!  
 Then rent his clothes: in anguish said,  
 Thou a devoted victim art,  
 And all my hope of offspring's fled!

Banish those griefs, my much-loved Sire:  
 Let joy return — let this suffice;  
 A daughter chosen of the Lord  
 Is not the parent's sacrifice.

Indulge your daughter's filial love,  
 Who melts with sympathy to share  
 The conquest of her father's foes;  
 Demands her tribute to declare.

My willing soul an offering makes;  
 For pleasures mortal I resign,  
 Alone to worship in his Mount,  
 And there enjoy his peace divine.

But

But first I'll seek, in ardent prayer,  
 For grace to strengthen and sustain,  
 Each trying conflict *firm* to bear,  
 Lest Nature *weak* GOD's glory stain.  
 To rapture *now* his sorrows turned,  
 And quick dispelled low passion's strife;  
 His tender pledge of future bliss  
 He views as exiled but for life.

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AN ESSAY ON HAPPINESS.

SHOULD Happiness alight upon this globe,  
 Where would she chuse to fix her blest abode?  
 In court, or cottage, would she take her seat?  
 Or in the mid, yet humble, calm retreat?  
 Where forms and fashions, and all worldly care  
 Yield to the tranquil sweets of rural fare.  
 Here for a while she may delight to dwell,  
 Detained by wisdom's intellectual spell:  
 Her *sacred*, ever-blooming form she seeks,  
 And friendly intercourse with her she keeps.  
 Ambitious thoughts of pomp and power  
 Here never discompose the social hour:  
 Here Reason's faculties are all awake,  
 And Temperance directs the mental state:  
 Here Contemplation, roused by Virtue's fire,  
 Forgets the world, and does to Heaven aspire:  
 Here Folly's maze by Reason is explored,  
 And all the vanities of life deplored:  
 Here Sensibility oft sheds a tear  
 For Folly's victims, as to her appear.  
 Ere Happiness can stoop to rest below,  
 The charm of wisdom mortals first must know,

And court the pure, the intellectual joys,  
 Which flow from virtue, and the virtuous prize:  
 Where mental harmony and order reign,  
 The smiles of Nature are not sent in vain:  
 With aching rapture does the mind expand,  
 While blushing sweets proclaim the Almighty's hand:  
 Where lawns and groves, in boundless prospects rise,  
 All may behold, but not with equal eyes:  
 With tainted souls, their optics may admire,  
 While every sense is closed to pure desire.  
 Where is the difference, in our present state,  
 To innocence primeval, once so great?  
 'Twas perfect virtue then which reign'd below;  
 Sin brought discordant passions, direful woe!  
 Then order ceased, and all creation groaned!  
 The perfect image lost, when Virtue was dethroned.  
 Celestial order might again arise,  
 And crown with harmony our nether joys:  
 Was Virtue seen in her resplendent rays,  
 She might controul the *vice* of *these our* days;  
 Her form so lovely, and her spell so strong,  
 None but the maniac can resist her long.  
 This hallowed place,\* Religion's blest retreat!  
 Where rapt in mystic joy she takes her seat!  
 Her pious soul for sin oft breathes a sigh!  
 With thought intent, uplifts a tearful eye:  
 Her aspirations oft to Heaven arise  
 In ardent prayer, that all may gain the prize:  
 The mental powers to order she restores,  
 Then peaceful days revolve in peaceful hours,  
 Religion's path is ever strewed with flowers.  
 Here holy thoughts to holy rapture rise,  
 And lead our views where glow the purest joys.

ON

\* A place dedicated to religious service.



## ON PROVIDENCE.

As the infinite ways of GOD surpass the scrutiny of man, so what is often viewed as an affliction by the short-sighted creature, is to be admired and adored as a mercy in the event.

LED with a hand divine, by some called Fate,  
 I now possess Contentment's calm retreat :  
 Resigned, and blest with pure internal joys,  
 The world recedes with all its turbid noise ;  
 With sweets surrounded, and with bounty blest,  
 My grateful heart may beat itself to rest :  
 While in these gifts I can the Giver view,  
 Pleased I enjoy, while I his paths pursue.  
 Should storms of turgid woe again molest  
 These silent transports of my peaceful breast,  
 I'll wrest their force by pure Religion's charm —  
 That power divine can shield from all alarm :  
 When the stupendous ways of Providence surprize,  
 The ardours of my soul to rapture rise  
 To seize the treasures and possess the prize :  
 No flowing numbers, nor soft charm of lays  
 Can speak or celebrate one half thy praise,  
 For here I antedate the bliss of Heaven,  
 And taste celestial food, to Angels given :  
 On Contemplation's wing, oh ! let me soar,  
 Fondly to grasp perfection more and more.  
 Good, and Truth, celestial Wisdom bright,  
 These correspond with scenes in heavenly light :  
 Trees, flowers, and shrubs, demand our constant care,  
 To open sweets, which scent the ambient air. .  
 The branching shoots that grace luxuriant bowers,  
 And twining tendrils which encircle flowers,

In tufted groves and lawns that perfect rise,  
 All objects please, but not with mental joys !  
 This to the human mind I may compare,  
 For minds improved, the improved alone can share ;  
 Where reason's not awake, nor virtue sown,  
 The richest soil is soon with weeds o'er-grown.  
 The planter's labour on a little spot,  
 Repays his pains with plenty in the crop.  
 The industrious hand which GOD has sweetly blest,  
 With joy expands, and cheers the anxious breast.  
 Such arduous efforts in the human soil,  
 Success might crown to soothe the pleasing toil.  
 But thou, O Lord ! thy instruments can raise,  
 To teach these tender plants to sound thy praise ;  
 Inform their minds the important task to know,  
 That heaven-taught souls can only teach below.  
 May labourers in thy vineyard long be blest,  
 Then mount the realms of love, and share eternal rest.

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### A PANEGYRICK ;

WRITTEN ON HEARING A YOUNG OXONIAN DETRACT THE WORKS  
 OF MRS. CHAPONE.

THOUGH small the tribute of my humble lays,  
 I *add* that *little* to *immortal* praise ;  
 A feeble voice may swell the note of fame,  
 As drops increase the mighty ocean's stream.  
 Thy works, Chapone, a strength of reason shew,  
 A pleasing portrait of illustrious Rowe.  
 A muse untaught in panegyrick verse  
 May feel thy virtue's force, but to *rehearse*

Assembled

Assembled excellence, in true sublime,  
 Asks Dryden's judgment — Pope's persuasive rhyme.  
 The soul that teems with worth when sweetness joins,  
 Is blest with friendship in all kindred minds :  
 The lettered world explore, admire, and give  
 Their generous vote, *and bid true merit live.*  
 The youth, instructed by thy moral page,  
 Will lend their suffrage to th' indebted age ;  
 While virtue, beaming from each tender mind,  
 Shall speak the soil that gave it birth *refined.*  
 Can admiration gaze, and silent hear  
 Detraction's voice, or see the cynick's sneer ?  
 But meek-eyed charity, in virtue pure,  
 Will veil those faults she has no hope to cure.  
 Merit alone *detraction's shaft* pursues,  
 But virtue smiles, and envy can't accuse.  
 Though penal laws were made for guilty men,  
 Yet mercy hears, what *justice* must *condemn.*  
 Shall worth traduced, then, less indulgence claim !  
 Retract it, candour, and restore its name ;  
 The critic's hand may steal the bubble fame,  
 But worth immutable will still remain.

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### ON VIEWING A PIECE OF PAINTING.

CHARLOTTE AT THE TOMB OF WERTER GAVE RISE TO THIS  
 REFLECTION.

SEE here a victim to a lawless flame !  
 While virtue o'er his tomb shall drop a tear,  
 It tells the world—'tis something more than name ;  
 For had this youth in *virtue's* paths been trained,

No *Siren arts* could *lure* to such a deed —  
 To cut the thread of life, and plunge in endless pain!  
 Had love divine once touched this ardent soul!  
 The low-born passions of the human mind,  
 Celestial truth had taught him to controul!

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### A SUMMER'S EVENING REFLECTION.

THE setting sun emits a glare of rays;  
 And through yon grove a pleasing gloom displays!  
 The warbling notes of Philomel conspire  
 To soothe the mind—and bid *its cares* retire.  
 While on a mossy bench I take my seat,  
 Soft *peace* and *silence* crown my lone retreat:  
 Here sense of gratitude to *raptures* rise,  
 To pass the æther, and to pierce the skies!

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### THE WICKED MAN AT THE TRIBUNAL OF THE JUST, IN THE DAY OF JUDG- MENT.

WHERE's now the man who took delight  
 To make the righteous sad;  
 First tried with persecuting spite,  
 And *then* pronounc'd them mad!  
 Trembling with awe, *he* now appears,  
 Dreading the vengeance of his God!  
 And groans with anguish to behold  
 The saint made perfect by his rod.

And



And more to aggravate his pangs,  
 He hears his dreadful Judge assign  
 His guilty cause unto that saint ;  
 To fix his endless doom condign.  
 Too late he now repenting cries,  
 Seeing the just with boldness stand ;  
 Alas ! that lowly soul reproached,  
 Meets sweet reward on Sion's strand.  
 Fools may account that life as mad,  
 The mind renew'd they cannot share,  
 Viewing the standard—self as good ;  
 They scoff at all it cannot bear.  
 Eternity ! — how chang'd the scene !  
 No language, mortal ! can describe ;  
 Wearied of wickedness they say  
 Where's now the profit of our pride ?

---

### A PLAIN ADDRESS TO THE JUST AND SPIRITUAL MIND.

THE Papal chain now broke, the triple crown laid low,  
 Shall man again presume to rule below ?  
 The man who dares the sacred truths foretell,  
 May meet the vengeance which on Korah fell ;  
 To deal decrees, and Providence to scan,  
 Is not for finite creatures — simple man :  
 Progressive good is but to angels given,  
 Then let not worms attempt to vie with heaven ;  
 Superior gifts were never, sure, design'd  
 To swell with arrogance the human mind ;

To

To hurl God's judgments, and denounce decrees,  
 On all who differ—and who dare not please!  
 With love to all our Lord his truths display'd,  
 While his example still more converts made,  
 No single action of his human life  
 Can ever countenance religion's strife;  
 Zeal without knowledge can alone bestow  
 Fancied perfection to a church below:  
 Ere imperfection bids perfection rise,  
 Causes and effects must cease before our eyes;  
 Perfection's charm—if ever seen on earth,  
 Celestial beams can only give it birth.  
 Oh, let us pity—not with pride condemn  
 The vain dissenting voice of mortal men:  
 The generous candour we to others show,  
 Returns in peaceful streams which ever flow;  
 The feeling breast, the meek and lowly mind,  
 May ask his blessing, and his blessing find.  
 Trees, plants, and flowers,\* when in prolific soil,  
 Oft spring spontaneous, or with little toil:  
 The heavenly seed, when rooted, grows apace,  
 Refreshed and watered from the fount of grace:  
 Do views less please we cannot call our own,  
 With taste designed, with shrubs luxuriant grown?  
 The lowly soul, warmed with seraphic fire,  
 Fosters all virtues, which to heaven aspire;  
 However planted, nought can give it growth  
 But heavenly dew; 'tis this can bring it forth.  
 'Tis not for man to judge, or to dispense  
 The gifts or graces of God's Providence.  
 Let us improve what he has kindly given,  
 And be convinced he rules the earth and heaven!  
 No faith can save from any form or plan,  
 If moral rectitude is not in man:

The

\* Intellectual and spiritual.

The unjust, the selfish, and dissembling heart,  
 Must tempt God's wrath, and may expect to smart ;  
 The sacred oil may through such vessels flow,  
 But none remains to cheer their minds below.  
 Let every Christian dread this direful state,  
 The just and good will deprecate such fate !  
 God's mercies if we know not how to prize,  
 He will with strong delusions shut our eyes !  
 May we from heavenly influx know what's true,  
 Press on our path divine, and keep that world in view.

---

#### A LAMENTATION OVER A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE deed is done ! — the blessed cause betrayed !  
 A scene of horror for vastations made ;  
 Tho' Salem's fate extorts the piercing groan,  
 Let us with reason — not with frenzy moan :  
 Ambitious, selfish and designing men  
 May raise their temples, and their Babels plan ;  
 That Power Divine who all their motives know,  
 Can clear their cause, and them as Beacon's show.  
 Their slender fabricks and their futile schemes  
 He can subvert, with all their selfish dreams.  
 TRUTHS, that emulate the order of the skies,  
 Oh ! how debased ! by perfidy and lies :  
 But candour mild a caveat must admit,  
 That garments oft are worn that never fit ;  
 The garment still is perfect, and with ease  
 May sit on goodness' form, that form to please.'

Infatuation's

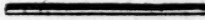
Infatuation's strong and awful power,  
Must hold in magic spell reflection's hour,  
Ere man the sacred truths of God profane,  
Insult his cause, and thus his glory stain.  
There holy peace within those hallowed walls  
Oft has retired at sight of self-applause :  
There avarice proclaimed a thirst for gold,  
There sacred things profaned were bought and sold.  
The contrite tear, the suppliant holy look,  
The reverend posture bending o'er the book ;  
The lowly manner and the accent mild  
Here spoke the Angel, and the saint beguiled :  
Persuasion's tongue, with eloquence refined,  
Here proved that charity is not confined ;  
The test remains within the heart to seek,  
For love to all mankind is love compleat.  
With Peter's sensibility and fire  
He warm harangued, while listening crowds admire,  
And loud declaimed 'gainst self and selfish arts,  
Yet he, alas ! could act dissembling parts ;  
If strong temptations tried his mental powers,  
And love of self engrossed his solemn hours !  
May mercy grant him penitence and prayer,  
And truths to others preached — to make his care ;  
Then o'er his master's bleeding cause like Peter weep,  
And from vastations rise a form compleat.



## AN EPIGRAM ON GENERAL B—K,

WHO FELL IN AMERICA A VICTIM TO HIS PRIDE AND OBSTINACY.

HIS martial zeal enraged, his fire elate  
 Bespoke the hero, vainly wise — not truly great ;  
 In search of fame, for which he was not born,  
 He fell pride's victim, and his country's scorn.



## IN A MOST DREADFUL STORM,

IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, IN A PASSAGE FROM THE CONTINENT,  
 THAT EVERY MOMENT THREATENED DESTRUCTION TO  
 THE VESSEL.

THE rolling billows into mountains rise,  
 Whilst I, transfixed with awe and quick surprize,  
 View the vast ocean bounded by the skies.  
 The angry waves, high foaming white with rage,  
 Now fierce like combatants they loud engage.  
 The little bark, unconscious of its fate,  
 Like virtue passive in a troubled state,  
 Still presses forward to a distant goal,  
 Unmoved by fear of each tremendous shoal.  
 While roughest winds retard her shattered bark,  
 Hope fills her sails, faith's compass points the mark.

## AN ODE TO INSENSIBILITY.

WITH gentle peace at last I close!  
All hail! thou friend of soft repose!  
Welcome now, each social charm,  
Welcome, free from all alarm;  
For smiling now I can defy  
The pain of sensibility.

Daughter of long and varied woe,  
Teach me thy frigid joys to know:  
To thee I'll dedicate my lays,  
To thee I owe immortal praise:  
Transfuse thy power through every vein,  
O'er every nerve extend thy reign.

Should keen distress I cannot ease,  
Press on my soul, and softness seize;  
I'll force the tear that speaks the woe  
Back to its source again to flow:  
Suppressing every tender sigh,  
I'll yield me all to apathy.

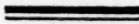
No thrilling anguish now shall glide,  
Chilling the purple flowing tide:  
Submissive, every sense shall move,  
No more a prey to grief I'll prove,  
No more of life I give to pain,  
Bear me, Euphrosyne, in thy train.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

THIS gentle passion of the soul,  
Where kindred virtues glow,  
Can antedate the peace of Heaven,  
And seal our bliss below.  
'Tis ours to take and to enjoy  
This sweet repast from Heaven:  
It stills the rugged gales of life,  
And but to virtue given.  
Friendship, of bright celestial birth,  
Boasts charms which never cloy;  
All passions else are mortal,  
Which blossom, fade, and die.  
Its voice melodious soothes the breast  
In dark affliction's hour;  
It gives confiding sentiment,  
To joys their quick'ning power.  
It frees the mind from throbbing care,  
Paints pleasures ever true;  
Its tender sigh and crystal tear  
Is known but to a few.  
And when these minds conjunctive meet,  
The Lord directs the choice;  
Blessed are those who wait his call,  
And hear his soft, still voice.  
This heavenly plant may take deep root,  
In tender minds on earth;  
But in its native clime it grows  
Immortal, as its worth.

Such

Such ardours of the human soul  
 Historic fame has taught;  
 Have harmonized two minds in one,  
 In each congenial thought.  
 And when this warmth to raptures rise,  
 Can absence then agree?  
 Communion with the object's sweet,  
 When true the sympathy.  
 To sluggish powers of torpid age,  
 This charm can give delight;  
 And on the gloomy shades of life,  
 Can beam a chearful light.  
 And when life's varied scene retires,  
 Its mortal drama closed;  
 United souls then take their flight,  
 Where love immortal glows.



THE TRUE FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR, OR  
 THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A MAN devoted to his God  
 Left the high-road which many trod;  
 Humble, not abject was his mien,  
 His mind was tranquil and serene:  
 His worldly portion though but small,  
 Each day, whatever did befall,  
 Content and peace still closed them all:  
 He hoped in solitude to find  
 Indulgence for his pensive mind;

So



So much inclined to pious strain,  
 He thought a road frequented vain,  
 And sought retirement's spell to gain.  
 The shield and helmet which he wore,  
 The Patriarchs all had worn before ;  
 And yet so splendid did they shine,  
 No mortal polish could refine :  
 His faith was firm, his love sincere,  
 His resignation banished fear ;  
 He shunned parade, and dreaded pride,  
 His thoughts on prayer and praise employed ;  
 He seemed to want no earthly guide :  
 His trust secure, his hope alive,  
 All dread of danger thus survived.

From sudden impulse all sublime,  
 He paused — when lo! a Form Divine  
 Transfixed him on the spot he stood,  
 To wait the mandate of his God :  
 His faculties were fixed intent  
 To hear the heavenly message sent ;  
 A seraph angel stood confest,  
 His highest order was exprest  
 By rays of glory round his face,  
 Beauty, no human art could trace,  
 And robe of white, which flowed with grace  
 Of lucid lustre, dazzling bright,  
 Too strong for Nature's optick sight ;  
 A radiant zone was loosely tied,  
 And floated in ætherial void,  
 As he in trackless space did glide ;  
 The peace and love diffused around  
 Appeared to consecrate the ground —  
 Soft joy in every place was found.

Perfumes;

Perfumes ambrosial scent the air,  
 Nature seemed new created there ;  
 Silent with awe, as if asleep,  
 All hushed, to hear an angel speak ;  
 When thus the minister of grace  
 Addressed a worm of human race : —

“ Commissioned from the realms above,  
 “ I’m sent to prove thy faith and love ;  
 “ From mansions of celestial light,  
 “ Far from the ken of mortal sight,  
 “ Where time and space have not a name,  
 “ Warm with seraphic love I came.  
 “ The office of my order is —  
 “ To raise the contrite mind oppressed,  
 “ And pour a balm when most distressed ;  
 “ In splendid masks the wicked shine,  
 “ While worth in secret’s left to pine ;  
 “ These droop beneath the wicked’s rod,  
 “ As piercing a just and righteous God.  
 “ Thy ardent prayers have reached the throne,  
 “ Thy guardian spirits oft have borne ;  
 “ The lowly heart and thought sincere,  
 “ Will ever find acceptance there ;  
 “ But idol self deludes the soul,  
 “ And draws it from the heavenly goal :  
 “ And Nature too, corrupt and bad,  
 “ Receives the homage due to God.  
 “ Dangers like these avoid with care,  
 “ And strong in faith thy mind prepare,  
 “ Affliction’s furnace firm to bear ;  
 “ For mercies oft are in disguise,  
 “ And sharpest conflicts end in joys.  
 “ Ere man can hope with God to reign,  
 “ His chastening hand he must sustain.

“ Can

" Can mortal vain presume to rest  
 " On Faith, which trials have not blest,  
 " When patient suff'ring gives the test ?  
 " Could they but fix their trust alone  
 " On God, who, jealous of his own,  
 " Will suffer none to share his throne ;  
 " Man's faculties, so unrefined,  
 " To world and sense so close combined,  
 " And such to mystic truths are blind.  
 " The Lord, who fixed creation's bound,  
 " If sought, may every where be found ;  
 " And though unsearchable his ways,  
 " Shall want of knowledge cancel praise ?  
 " The mazes which he cannot trace,  
 " Let him resign to sovereign grace ;  
 " If, simply just, he acts his part,  
 " That Power will rule and cleanse his heart ;  
 " Humanity to frailty joined,  
 " Impedes the nobler powers of mind,  
 " And calls them from their native clime  
 " To chain them down to things of time ;  
 " This atmosphere, so thick condensed,  
 " With woes and wickedness compressed,  
 " I feel my respiration spent :  
 " But hark ! the choral solemn sound,  
 " My kindred spirits hover round —  
 " They're come to raise me from the ground —  
 " Farewell ;  
 " My time is gone, I must away,  
 " With rapid flight, to endless day.  
 Thus ceased the seraph-sounding voice ;  
 I heard and trembled — yet rejoiced ;  
 While motionless I stood and gazed,  
 All my thoughts to Heaven were raised ;

My heart with gratitude did beat  
At honour so immensely great ;  
I felt the vigour of my mind  
Too strong for nature to confine,  
And vainly thought I could engage  
An host of foes the most enraged.

But strength in man is only pride,  
All weak, but what is sanctified :  
Though rough and rugged was his way,  
Yet dauntless he travelled through the day,

— Till at the close

A sable gloom extended wide,  
So dark, that Nature seemed all dyed,  
Proclaimed the time he must be tried.

A cloud the horizon o'erspread,  
Phœbus had hid her radiant head,  
Alarmed with an unusual dread ;  
He saw advance a troop of men,  
As issued from some lawless den ;  
Their fierce attack, their plundering aim,  
Proved them all ruffians in the train ;  
Resistance was of no avail,  
For cruel force did soon prevail ;  
They beat and wounded him most sore,  
Then left his wounds to bleed still more :  
Though blood was lost, his faith remained,  
No doubts of GOD he entertained ;  
If groans and anguish much had spent  
His mind, awake to blessings lent,  
He trusted one would soon be sent ;  
To love and truth so unconfined,  
He yielded all his mighty mind :  
An injured victim thus he lay,  
As all beheld who passed that way.

Many



Many assumed fair virtue's face,  
 And paused to hear his piteous case ;  
 The tender sigh, the flowing tear,  
 That wins the feeling heart sincere,  
 With glowing sympathy did oft appear.

Then loud, with energy deplore,  
 With sensibility so keenly sore,  
 Their hearts were wounded to the core ;  
 Feelings as light, as free from care,  
 Were wafted through the ambient air,  
 And patience left to black despair.  
 For these, alas ! could never stay,  
 Various their calls another way ;  
 No spurious virtue long can bear,  
 To soothe the griefs it cannot share ;  
 For kindred virtues can they glow  
 In hearts as cold as Alpean snow ?  
 But now in mind and body spent,  
 In both the final struggle pent :  
 Lo ! Virtue comes in simple dress,  
 With melting heart and sigh supprest,  
 As roused by languid voice distressed.

The road she oft had travelled o'er,  
 And pilgrims many raised before ;  
 With eager haste, and anxious mind,  
 Pregnant with pity, seeks to find  
 The suff'rer, and the wound to bind ;  
 Her oil and wine, in plenteous store  
 She pours, till it could take no more ;  
 Then soft and gentle probed the wound,  
 And skilful twined the bandage round ;  
 The languid patient raised up,  
 She tendered pity's soothing cup :

Feelings and fears so well composed,  
But where in peace could he repose ?

A noble mansion humbly stood  
Not far, embosomed in a wood,  
And so concealed from mortal view,  
'Twas known but by a very few ;  
The owner, to all good inclined,  
Rescues the poor, the weak, and blind,

Ineffable she smiled, and said  
To this retreat he must be led,  
There every worthy object's fed.  
With active care she then did guide,  
Through all the gloom of thicket wide ;  
The door approached, admittance gained,  
For Virtue there her peace obtained ;  
With look which warmth of love expressed,  
The pilgrim thus she mild addressd : —

“ Here soft repose and perfect rest  
“ You'll share, with every kindred breast ;  
“ Here pleasures pure breathe all around,  
“ Here harmony serene is found ;  
“ Celestial good in all appear,  
“ And joys diffusive banish fear.

“ The master of this noble seat,  
“ Composed of symmetry so great,  
“ With grace and virtue all does fill,  
“ Who wish to know and do his will ;  
“ And so unbounded is his store,  
“ He gives to all the humble poor.

“ Virtues here bloom without decay,  
“ Malignant passions bear no sway,  
“ And envy vile is far away.

“ Ambrosial sweets descend in showers,  
“ Distilled from everlasting flowers ;

“ Fountains

" Fountains immortal, ever flow  
 " In gentle cadence, soft and slow :  
 " A stream which never gives disgust,  
 " Once tasted, it increases thirst :  
 " While love divine fills every heart,  
 " Each soothing office to impart,  
 " Friendship, in truth and strain sublime,  
 " In purest language speaks divine.  
 " With glowing love and sigh sincere,  
 " I pray for all to enter here.  
 " But time no more I now can spare,  
 " Mortals demand my watchful care,  
 " To them with haste I must repair.  
 This when in softest accent said,  
                     Her lovely voice  
 And graceful form were lost in air.



# AN ELEGY, IN PASTORAL LANGUAGE.\*

OH ! mournful day ! a day I live to mourn,  
 When John from me and from the world was torn ;  
 'Twas on that hapless, unpropitious day,  
 That name of maid to that of wife gave way,  
 As John and I were seated side by side,  
 Some words arose, and I began to chide ;  
 He quick withdrew, and oh ! the dread surprize ! †  
 The cruel consequence before my eyes !

c 3

Learn

\* These lines were occasioned by the death of an Herdsman, who, it was reported, had destroyed himself in consequence of a few angry words from his wife. — Written when the author had just entered her teens ; in Warwick.

† Brought in dead.

Learn hence by me, ye maids and matrons too,  
 To shun contention with a mate that's true ;  
 No vocal powers exert to scold and brawl,  
 For peace in life procures content to all.  
 Heart-rending passions now my mind do toss,  
 And am I left to grieve my Gaffer's loss,  
 From cause so dire ? so fatal, I shall find,  
 To mental peace, serenity of mind.

This once-loved cottage now can nothing show  
 But wretched misery, and dismal woe ;  
 These lonesome walls now echo to the groan  
 Which thought creates, when I my fate bemoan ;  
 Here horror revels in the glare of day,  
 Here smiling Peace to tyrant Grief gives way ;  
 All objects present seem in sorrow drest,  
 But melting pity cannot ease my breast.  
 My sickly fancy wanders now in vain  
 Accustomed walks, to find my John again ;  
 But he not there, no pleasure can I find,  
 For sweets of Nature seem not left behind.

In yonder vale, in which a tinkling rill  
 In solemn silence flows, — and flow it will,  
 Tho' not to charm, as when my man and me  
 Together sat, beneath that spreading tree,  
 Whose friendly shade affords a cool retreat ;  
 Ah ! ever now, I'll shun the lonely seat :  
 Yon scene, so pleasing once, so charming to the sight,  
 Has ceased to please, no more it gives delight.

That tamesome herd no more I shall attend  
 Through West-street Chapel quite to Jury End :\*  
 No pleasures now are left me to enjoy,  
 My husband's dead, and nought but cares annoy.

My

\* The termination of the two streets in a direct line, in Warwick.



My neighbours, one by one come stepping in,  
And vainly say — grieve not so much, it is a sin.  
One of the number, by afflictions tried,  
And in whose friendship I shall e'er confide,

Spoke thus —

Remember, Mary, what our Parson said  
To neighbour Jones, whose husband then lay dead :  
“ Provoke not Heaven by your excess of grief,  
“ But trust that Power who can bestow relief ;  
“ Oh doubt not Him, who should your thoughts engage,  
“ To quell those passions that from grief now rage.  
“ Shall discontented man repine at fate,  
“ Or dare to murmur at a Power so great ?  
“ To Heaven's decrees submissive bend your will,  
“ Address his throne, and all your griefs are still.”

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#### THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.\*

REPROACH and sufferings let us share,  
Resigned and patient with our GOD ;  
His grace sustains, his arm supports  
His own, while mercy holds the rod.  
Their fame, their goods, and all below  
The Christian yields — if God requires ;  
They've treasures, where their hearts are fixed,  
To gratify their warm desires.  
Then walk by faith, and firm believe,  
Exchanged for Christ, an empire's loss ;  
Before his glorious crown you wear,  
You must triumphant bear his cross.

If

\* Written extempore, in consequence of conversing with a Calvinistic Minister, whose faith appeared, by his conduct, independent of works.

If gloomy minds should paint their God  
In anger and in vengeance dressed,  
Ye happy souls, exulting sing,  
Your God in mercy stands confessed.

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ON GOOD FRIDAY.

WITH warmest love and raptured zeal my heart's  
on fire!

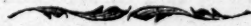
This day I view the human in the God expire ;  
Those piercing agonies could Jew and Sceptics see,  
And not adore redemption's work to set them free ?

And did the Great Jehovah ! Lord of heaven and earth !  
Ordain a lowly manger for his glorious birth ?  
And more, to raise the contrite, and to humble pride,  
He chose a cross, on which he *suffered, groaned and died.*





A  
SMALL SELECTION  
OF  
HYMNS AND POEMS.



ON THE NEW BIRTH.

BY Jesus taught, the soul can rise and sing,  
And heights seraphic gain, when on the wing ;  
May love divine attune this shrine of clay  
To celebrate the birth of endless day.

'Tis sovereign grace that can the mind renew,  
And all our evil nature can subdue ;  
Give me this birth with energy to know,  
And all distinctions I'll resign below.

The honour due to birth, or can be given,  
Is not from man, — 'tis registered in Heaven :  
The soul conversant with these mystic joys  
Sits loose to earth, and pants to reach the prize.

The Christian's hope is on a rock secure,  
They grasp at bliss, which ever must endure ;

When

When contrite fears and doubts conflicting rise,  
 Impart thyself, O Lord, and seal their joys.  
 Christ is this rock, and there our refuge lies;  
 His blood was shed for sin; how great the sacrifice!  
 Hence pardoning peace resounds in Heaven,  
 And to repentant sinners freely given.  
 Rejoice! my heart, rejoice, adore and sing,  
 Thy God, thy trust, is thy redeeming king;  
 His grace can cleanse, his love can warm thy heart,  
 And make thee meet to chuse the better part.

---

#### A DEFINITION OF GRACE.

THE grace of GOD, as I understand it, is the divine influx or operation of the power of GOD upon the human mind; alarming or rousing, strengthening and reviving the faculties of the soul, before dead and inactive. — This, as I take it, is the vital principle of new life, or regeneration: this introduces the Christian graces—Faith, Hope, Charity. This powerful influence gives humility and meekness; Faith gives submission and affiance; Love produces charity, vigour, perseverance, hope and fruition.

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#### A REFLECTION ON AN INFANT CORPSE.

SEE perfect innocence removed from pain:  
 Thy spirit's fled to GOD, from whence it came;  
 May this a warning to the aged be,  
 For all who enter Heaven, *are pure like thee.*

ON

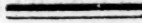


## ON HEAVENLY PEACE.

IF faith and love is fixed aright,  
The world recedes from mortal sight ;  
No earth-born passions then controul  
The peaceful transports of the soul.  
Peace ! thou choicest influence, hail !  
Descend, and cheer this gloomy vale ;  
Thy amulet divine now shed,  
Like holy oil, upon my head.  
To minds on earth prepared for Heaven,  
This antepast of peace is given ;  
But never to perfection known,  
Till death conveys them to their home.  
Then in the blaze of endless day,  
This peace resounds in softest lay ;  
Responsive to that heavenly love,  
Which glows in every soul above.  
This mental harmony refined,  
Dwells only in the angelic mind ;  
Then love divine attunes the strain,  
And vibrates through the heavenly plain.  
But cares and troubles here molest  
This heavenly order in the breast :  
Our grand Example let us take,  
And share his sufferings for his sake.  
Then death, so awful to the bad,  
Comes welcome, and in joy is clad ;  
Such death-beds angels do attend  
With seats ambrosial to the end.

The

Then teach the timid soul to fly,  
 Eager to gain its prize on high !  
 With gentle soothings all the way,  
 They bear it *swift* to everlasting day.



THE ORDER OF PROVIDENCE CAN BE ONLY  
 SEEN BY THE SPIRITUAL MIND.

THROUGH worlds unnumbered and unknown  
 A GOD of Order's seen ;  
 That mystic power which flows through all,  
 Is issued from his throne.  
 'Tis heavenly wisdom that can give  
 Interior life to man ;  
 This can revive his *torpid powers*,  
 And teach him how to live.  
 Infernal evils shut this gate,  
 This influx from above ;  
 'Tis love divine directs us here,  
 And guides us to that state.  
 Where *good* and *truth*, which love refines,  
 In full fruition's found,  
 Serene the peace, and pure the joy  
 That dwells in Christian minds.

A WISH TO BE PREPARED FOR HEAVENLY  
JOYS.

OH! could I soar, and take my flight  
To those grand orbs of love and light,  
With rapture I would drop my clay,  
And quit this night for endless day.

Thy heav'nly influx, Lord, bestow  
On me thy servant, while below ;  
And as thy grace refines my heart,  
Give me the pleasure to impart.

Thy scripture truths may I explore,  
With understanding more and more ;  
And while in heart and life they shine,  
The glory, Lord, shall all be thine.

To walk with GOD is my desire,  
To love divine do I aspire ;  
All things of sense can I resign,  
If thou, my GOD, wilt make me thine.

---

AN APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

THOU friendly Monitor within,  
With thee would I advise ;  
May I unbiassed act my part,  
In all that's just and wise.  
The vanities of life renounce,  
All sin and self resign,

And

And while I wander through this vale,  
May grace my heart refine.

All things to all men would I be  
As far as virtue goes;  
But when they deviate from this path,  
Their ways I must oppose.

The evil others show to me  
May I return with good;  
This maxim does Religion teach;  
By this 'tis understood.

The sceptic infidel may boast,  
And GOD's own word deride —  
That time with rapid wing will come,  
When they shall be denied.

The hypocrite, still more profane,  
More impiously denies  
Those blessed truths, which grace revealed  
As pearls of highest prize.

Give them, O Lord, ere 'tis too late,  
True penitence and prayer:  
Oh! may thy grace renew their hearts,  
And shield them from despair.



## RELIGIOUS TRUST. FROM PSALM 55.

THE mind, oppressed with bitter woes,  
Sinking beneath an host of foes,  
May ask relief in Jesus' name,  
For there none supplicate in vain.

To thee, O Lord, we owe our all;  
Trials, thy mercies we may call,  
To purge the bad, refine the good,  
And fit our souls for angels' food.

The heart of malice, tongue of lies,  
May rob the just of worldly joys;  
But those who trust in God, will find  
Their power can never reach the mind.

Should sinners prosper in their ways,  
They seldom live out half their days:  
A Place of Joy you outward see,  
While all within is misery.

Of sinners, then, be not afraid;  
The righteous cannot be dismayed;  
There's none can steal their noble prize,  
A crown in Heaven thick set with joys.

AN HYMN.

RISEING FROM A BED OF SICKNESS.

OH! raise my sluggish soul  
To sing thy praise, my God;  
And while I feel thy chast'ning hand,  
Teach me to kiss the rod.

The soul in fetters bound,  
Is roused by heav'nly grace;  
'Tis that alone can wing its flight,  
To seek its MAKER's face.

It soars aloft for food  
No mortals can bestow;  
Immortal hopes, immortal views,  
Can never fix below.

Accept a suppliant's voice,  
My GOD, my strength, my trust;  
However keen thy trials prove,  
I'll think thy ways are just.

Lead me with hand divine  
Through sublunary woe;  
I'll eager grasp at things-sublime,  
Where joys seraphic flow.

In mansions of the blest  
My tongue could never tire,  
In praise to thee, my God, *the Lamb*,  
Joined in celestial choir.

THE

THE SAINT PREPARED FOR THE HEAVENLY  
STATE.

MAKE me receptive, O my God,  
Thy mystic truths to see ;  
Oh ! may I put this garment \* on,  
Approved, Lord, by thee.  
Thy love and mercy quick descends  
In streams of heav'nly joy ;  
The lowly saint thy arm defends,  
For thou art ever nigh.  
Thy fount of love increases more,  
The more we ask supply ;  
In copious streams, O let it pour,  
Till we are fit to die.  
Then, with a body well prepared  
We rise and live above,  
In some celestial, blest abode,  
Where all is peace and love.

---

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THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY TO COMMUNI-  
CATE TO THOSE WHO WANT.

IS there a wretch so mean on earth,  
I would not wish to share  
Those sacred truths of precious worth,  
While I can read them there ?

D

If

\* Truth.

If choice the blessings I possess,  
 May I, my God, impart ;  
 My little store will not be less,  
 When bountiful my heart.

Thy bright example, Lord, I'll take,  
 And do what good I can ;  
 The worthless may their sin forsake,  
 Thy instrument *I am*.

Thy gates of mercy open wide  
 To penitence and prayer ;  
 The humble thou wilt not deride,  
 Nor suffer to despair.

Thou wilt none to endless pain,  
 Thy truths oppose *the thought* ;  
 Then let us ever hope to gain  
 The souls *so dearly* bought.

While in this tenement of clay,  
 May I exert my power ;  
 The wonders of thy church display,  
 Thy blessings on it shower.

---

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### A MORNING HYMN.

**T**O thee, my God, O! let me raise  
 My heart to love, my voice to praise,  
 For all the mercies of the night,  
 And for thy blest return of light.  
 For slumbers soft, for calm repose,  
 And for thy blessings since I rose :  
 To grateful sense my soul inspire,  
 And tune my thoughts to heav'nly fire.

Lead

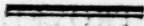


Lead me, O Lord, through this thy day ;  
 Do thou support me, lest I stray ;  
 O keep me from all thoughts that dare  
 Pervert thy will, or me ensnare.

May all my actions in thy sight,  
 Declare I in thy law delight :  
 May no vain cares on me obtrude,  
 Lord, feed my soul with heav'nly food.

Secure me from all worldly show,  
 Avert the path that leads to woe ;  
 May no delusions blind my eyes,  
 Or draw me from thy purer joys.

May truths divine direct my way  
 Through faith, to view that blessed day,  
 When glorious all my God appears ;  
 Lord, raise my *hopes*, dispel my *fears*.



#### A CELEBRATION OR OUR LORD'S FIRST ADVENT.

OUR Saviour comes ! all Israel's King !  
 Prepare your hearts, your songs prepare ;  
 Hail his approach — proclaim his worth,  
 And celebrate Immanuel's birth.  
 Lo ! the heav'nly victim comes !  
 To bless and save a sinful race ;  
 Let every human creature join  
 To prove his nature all divine.  
 See him descend to take our flesh,  
 And lay his glorious pomp aside ;

The host of Heaven attend their King,  
Shepherds inspired, hosannahs sing.

Behold the lowly Prince of Peace  
Brings *Redemption*, melts with love;  
His veil incarnate can't conceal  
Glory, all Nature must reveal.

He comes! the world to reconcile,\*  
Stupendous love! unto himself;  
And humbly takes an infant's form,  
Receives insult, reproach, and scorn.

Can admiration cease to move  
The feeling breast to praise and love?  
With plaudits loud let mortals join,  
To sing their Victor all divine.

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### ON ENTHUSIASM; OR, RASH JUDGMENT REPROVED.

THE just and good in charity abound,  
In self-abasement they are ever found;  
Our Lord's reproof to Pharisaic pride,  
Forbids to judge, or any sect deride.  
'Tis not for man to judge of man below,  
We see in part, and but in part can know;  
Party and prejudice do oft disguise  
The real good or bad from mortal eyes.  
See pure Religion, from a source divine,  
How calm, content, and all to GOD resigned;  
The conscious gift that moves a pious soul,  
Trusts not to frames, nor passion's wild controul.

Gentle

\* 2 Cor. 5. 19.

Gentle it works, and, like a gentle stream,  
 Peaceful it glides, yet constant, clear, serene ;  
 It humbly braves each storm, and keeps its course,  
 Though surface ruffled, still unmoved the source.  
 This blessed principle, O Lord, impart,  
 Give lively faith to steer this mortal bark ;  
 Then will it bound triumphant through the gale,  
 Should turgid storms, and roughest seas prevail.  
 Joyful we'll quit our bark, when wafted o'er  
 Tempestuous life, to hail the blissful shore ;  
 Our anchor firmly cast on Sion's strand,  
 Where peace and freedom welcome all who land.

---

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD,

THE BEST SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTING DISPENSATIONS.

THE righteous oft with troubles meet ;  
 The wicked never know  
 They are sent as lamps to guide their feet,  
 And prove their virtue too.  
 Tho' GOD may seem to hide his face  
 In a distressing hour,  
 He'll try, yet not forsake his race,  
 But raise them up with power.  
 What if I am called to bear  
 The hardest lot below ?  
 I'll humbly trust, tho' foes insnare,  
 From Heaven my comforts flow.  
 The sharpest conflict soon must end,  
 With all this mortal strife ;

Then, when the Lord his mandate sends,  
I rise to endless life.

What's viewed as abject here on earth,  
In glory may appear,  
Arrayed in purest robes of white,  
And bright perfection clear.

---

### RESIGNATION TO THE WILL OF HEAVEN.

PREPARE our hearts, O God,  
To seek thy promised rest ;  
Where harmony and love reside,  
Where all the just are blest.

Should troubles, doubts and fears,  
Molest the Christian's mind ;  
Oh! banish far such gloomy cares,  
And be to GOD resigned.

He'll send his Spirit down,  
To cheer this dusky vale,  
To all who read and trust his word,  
And in his truth prevail.

The humble Christian's hope,  
Faith, charity, and peace ;  
If truth and love unite the band,  
The graces must increase.



## PARAPHRASE, FROM PSALM 31ST.

OUR Faith and trust, if in the Lord,  
 No shame nor fears annoy,  
 The just are led in righteousness,  
 Their rock, how strong and high !  
 Thy loving mercies, Oh ! how great !  
 No finite powers can tell ;  
 To frailty thou hast bowed thine ear,  
 And broke the wicked's spell.  
 The net they privily do lay,  
 To catch the upright soul,  
 With strength displayed the Lord averts,  
 And all their arts controul.  
 Reproachful slanders cannot move  
 The contrite, humble soul :  
 With confidence they wait on God,  
 Till he avenge the whole.  
 Their cause is his, and he'll maintain  
 The faithful in their way ;  
 While lying lips he puts to shame,  
 And all their wiles repay.  
 If lying vanities we hate ;  
 If good and truth we love ;  
 His peace will bless our states below,  
 And fit us for above.  
 Had not my times been in the hand  
 Of my redeeming Lord,  
 Long had I fell beneath the scourge  
 Of persecution's cord.

“ O love

"O love the Lord, all ye his saints,"  
 For just and true is he,  
 When least I thought he heard my plaint  
 He caused my foes to flee.

---

### 'TIS THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY

To manifest any superiority in gifts, graces, or strength of faith, by the silent, yet animating oracle, a good example, in order to invigorate the weaker members of the same myſtic body.

ALL states and classes here below,  
 Are thy appointment, Lord,  
 Teach us our duties all to know  
 And do, with one accord.  
 The highest ranks, O how adorned  
 With inward lowly grace!  
 This, when its grounded in the heart,  
 Beams softness in the face.  
 Humility, thou lasting sweet!  
 In all degrees on earth;  
 The charm attracts in high or low,  
 And speaks their heav'nly birth.  
 As good examples often teach,  
 When precepts oft are spurned,  
 Then guarded let our conduct be,  
 To lead the most unlearned.  
 Thus may the wise instruct the weak,  
 To love the best of ways,  
 For soon with joy divine they feel  
 Their hearts incline to praise.

The

The Christian's trust, Oh, how secure  
 Of bliss! all Israel knows;  
 Should foes attempt, they cannot steal  
 That peace which God bestows.  
 Each day they cheerful bear the cross,  
 Though rugged all their way;  
 Faith, Love, and Hope, triumphant leads  
 Them on to perfect day.  
 Each morn they rise with wings of love,  
 Israel's ladder to ascend,  
 And there converse with GOD above,  
 That never-failing friend.

---

### PARAPHRASE ON PSALM 17.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE BEST PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION MUCH  
 DERIDED.

THE tears and sighs of contrite souls,  
 Are precious, Lord, to thee;  
 Accept the prayer the righteous make,  
 When prostrate heart with knee.  
 Oh! hear their cry, and plead their cause,  
 When false accusers rise,  
 Thou art the gift and giver too,  
 Of all their peaceful joys.  
 My simple heart thou'st formed and tried,  
 And tuned to grateful praise;  
 With humble trust, with cheerful hope,  
 I'll serve thee all my days:

Should

Should I converse with sinners here,  
 And thou their good decree,  
 Wisdom and grace O give me, Lord,  
 To prove all power from thee.

My daily walk do thou direct,  
 While in this mortal state ;  
 Give me a heart and action pure,  
 And grace on thee to wait.

Forgive the thoughtless, guilty throng,  
 Who never on thee call ;  
 Impart thy blessed light and truth,  
 Till at thy foot they fall.

Tis in thy light, we see the light  
 That flows from Heaven above,  
 Then we behold thy righteousness,  
 Thy *likeness* and thy *love*.

---

### AN ELEGIACK

Upon a pious Character, remarked by the Author as possessing the  
 Simplicity of the real Christian, free from Guile and Bigotry.  
 Extempore, February 1799.

THOU art not dead, my sister, friend and saint,  
 But raised to glory mortals cannot paint ;  
 To live in bliss with every kindred soul,  
 In ceaseless joy, as countless ages roll.  
 See them advance with fond officious love,  
 And hail her welcome to the realms above ;  
 Sounding enraptured her escape from earth,  
 Where trials marked her of celestial birth.

“ Here



- ♦ “ Here take thy crown,” *methinks I hear them say,*  
 “ Adorned with glory never to decay ;  
 “ A gift prepared for every child of God,  
 “ Who shares his suff’rings, meekly bears his rod ;  
 “ Redeeming mercy gave the softened heart,  
 “ And with it grace, to chuse the better part.  
 “ In love thy faith and patience long he tried,  
 “ Then whispered peace, and all was sanctified.  
 “ Thy ways and works bespoke thy faith divine ;  
 “ Faith without works is banished from this clime.  
 “ Triumphant vice oft vexed thy righteous soul,  
 “ For guile and lies thy aim was to controul ;  
 “ Deceit and subterfuge thy soul abhorred ;  
 “ None seek for truth but find its sure reward.  
 “ Thy courteous spirit, ever prompt to please,  
 “ The wiles of wickedness no more shall tease ;  
 “ No persecuting fiends, with rancorous tongue,  
 “ Can here molest thy peace, or do thee wrong.  
 “ Shame and confusion on such heads must fall,  
 “ Arrived to bliss, thou’rt rescued from it all ;  
 “ That faith and truth long nurtured in thy breast,  
 “ Here finds fruition in eternal rest.”

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### THE AUTHOR’S

Just discrimination of sensibility and sound judgment in a Character ungenerously slighted, she tenders as an apology for a visit and preference.

RELIGION’S votaries I most desire,  
 Yet sterling wit with judgment I admire ;  
 Sound sense in age has charms which ne’er decay,  
 To triumph o’er vain pageants of the day.

Envy

Envy and hate pursue the nobler powers,  
 And rob of peace the sweetest social hours ;  
 Wisdom divine, a shield from jealous darts,  
 Recoil them back to pierce their own weak hearts.

Let little minds detract true merit's fame,  
 While silent excellence supports her claim ;  
 Resigned, not injured by their poisonous breath,  
*Baneful* to merit till the hour of death.

The soul is taught by heaven to sit elate,  
 Unmoved by censure or the turns of state ;  
 Varied the world and worldling still must be,  
 For *interest* holds the helm, not *piety*.

---

### AN ADDRESS

TO A GOOD WOMAN IN A STATE OF ILLNESS, WHO EXPIRED A  
 FEW WEEKS AFTER.

THE storms of life will soon subside,  
 And Heaven's bright portals open wide ;  
 Where long-tried saints will find their rest,  
 Where faith with sight *is ever blest*.

## AN EXTEMPORE EFFUSION,

AT A PUBLIC MEETING OF FRIENDS, IN WARWICK.

IN solemn silence the meek assembly  
 Sat ! nor dared to broach one thought in presence  
 Of their GOD, till contemplation on  
 His awful power supreme, and attributes  
 Divine, had raised each lowly soul to love  
 And to adore, thus made receptive of  
 All good ; the force of truth and quick'ning  
 Spirit, unseals the lips, and to the tongue  
 Gives utterance. When emanations of  
 Divine extract like these in union  
 Flow, they pierce with energy the softened  
 Heart, prepared to yield to truth's persuasive  
 Voice, led on by that celestial  
 Dove, the living spirit.—Happy those minds,  
 Humane and flexible, where truth is roused  
 To action by the spirit ; then mental  
 Order reigns, and gentle peace diffusively  
 Pervades, and rests secure ; that peace of GOD  
 The world has not to give, nor can it take  
 Away. Grant ! O Power Supreme ! those blessed  
 Tidings may on rapid wing approach, which in  
 Thy word is promised, by inspiration  
 And prophetic sound : when thy vivifying  
 Spirit shall in copious streams be poured  
 On every stony heart, till softened  
 Into flesh ! This calm, still voice, this potent  
 Influence, this visitant divine, may  
 Every peaceful breast welcome with raptured  
 Joy. Prepare, thou uncreated source of worlds  
 Unnumbered,

Unnumbered, and of good unknown, to finite  
 Atoms — Oh! prepare this little spot called  
 Earth, to meet that grand and universal Day-  
 Spring from on high! But first this holy fire,  
 In awful conflagration, must purify  
 And cleanse corrupt mankind. The world, when thus  
 Renewed, then the bright beams of this celestial  
 Sun shall dart its *chearing, fructifying rays*  
 On every living soul, till the minutest  
 Seed, prolific and divine, is roused  
 And quick'ned to immortal growth.

---

THE HUMAN MIND HARMONIZED BY THE  
 CHARMS OF TRUTH.

WHEN heavenly truth erects her blessed  
 Standard, that primum mobile of the  
 Human soul, directing all its finer  
 Movements, as taught by grace divine; it bids  
 The cares and motley scenes of life retire.  
 Nor can the pleasures of the world delight, till  
 All the passions of the mental store  
 Are tranquillized to peace, yielding *subordinate*  
 To virtue's power, this mild celestial  
 Sway, nor dare to rise but at Religion's  
 Call. Then contemplation's varied charms  
 The mind explores; then the bright virtues of  
 The pregnant heart, diffusively abound  
 In love and good to all *mankind*, as justice  
 Prompts. But let not man presume to think this  
 Order to the human faculties is  
 Given, except he *seeks to find* his intercourse  
 With heavenly joys.

A FRAGMENT



## A FRAGMENT ON A WINTER SCENE.

**C**ONGENIAL horrors now this isle deforms,  
 The magazine's prepared for darkest storms,  
 Nature's gay smiles resistless yield to sleep,  
 Nor vegetation scarce attempts to creep.  
 Cheerless the aspect of creation wide,  
 Bleak Winter's train proclaims a dreary void.  
 Those sylvan scenes, those arbours of repose  
 Where Nature bloomed, lie buried deep in snows ;  
 Those verdant hills, thick scattered rich with shrubs,  
 Are now forsaken by the pastoral loves.  
 The Dryades' *spell* is lost, is fled away,  
 With whisp'ring zephyrs, that were wont to play  
 In woods and groves, and all their shady haunts,  
 How changed! for barren scenes of varied wants.

---

 AN EXTEMPORE STRICTURE ON THE HUMAN MIND IN ITS RENEWED STATE.

**T**HIS day of sacred rest, at early dawn,  
 The soul renewed enjoys serenity —  
 Of peace, that peace divine, surpassing human  
 Thought! Peace which the world can neither give, nor  
 Take away! Its lenient charm diffusively  
 Steals on the softened mind, and there for ever  
 Dwells. When robed in truth's pure dress, of make  
                   celestial  
 And immortal too, then all the mental  
 Faculties to order wake, and rule despotic  
 O'er the human *powers corrupt*.

A PARAPHRASE

## A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XCI.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF SEVERE SICKNESS, AND UNDER GREAT  
PERSECUTION.

THY promises, O Lord, how sure  
To all who love thy law ;  
Who from thy word divinely feed,  
And daily comfort draw.

The Lord is faithful to declare,  
The humble may confide ;  
Beneath his blessed wing they rest,  
Till life's rough gale subside.

No terrors seize, no fears alarm  
The righteous in their way ;  
Though pestilence in darkness walk,  
Or languid sickness prey.

If thousands fall beside the just,  
And tens of thousands too,  
No evils can approach to hurt  
The Lord's blest chosen few.

To perfect spirits round his throne,  
A constant charge is given,  
To shield in peace, and guard from wrong,  
His saints prepared for Heaven.

The lion's strength, the adder's sting,  
They shall beneath them tread ;  
In wicked tents they shall not dwell,  
Their paths lead to the dead.

Those who have set their love on God,  
And honour his great name ;

Falsehood

Falsehood and wrong may wound their peace,  
But not destroy their fame.

In sorest troubles when they call,  
The Lord attends their cry,  
With blest assurance whispers peace,  
And gives new life supply.

Tossed in a shattered bark, the soul  
Can stormy seas endure ;  
When faith's the helm, hope fills the sails,  
And steers to port secure.

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### A FEW OF THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE A PARAPHRASE UPON PSALM 119th. BEGINNING AT VERSE 73d.

MY form first fashioned, Lord, by thee,  
My understanding too ;  
May all my mental powers be fired  
With heavenly wisdom true.

Instruct each pious soul to know  
Their kindred spirits here ;  
This antepast of heaven bestow,  
Exchange of thought sincere.

When hearts and tongues united meet,  
To talk of God's just ways,  
Then wisdom flows as truth abounds,  
And blessings crown their days.

Solacing comforts each receive,  
As each impart their woe ;  
God's equal ways the wise confess,  
Then find his mercies flow.

Deceit's dark heart and slander's tongue

The just do oft assail ;

God will repay, as mercy's sure,

His justice cannot fail.

Mercy, his darling power divine,

Makes his just judgments flow ;

Grace long abused, dread vengeance comes,

Then strikes a direful blow.

God's bitter cup none here can drink,

Till his just spirit's given ;

Those who are tried like gold by fire,

Will shine as stars in Heaven.

May this support the drooping minds

Of lowly seeking souls ;

No instrument against the just

Is formed, but God controuls,

Then every heart conspire to praise,

And every tongue to tell,

The goodness of the Lord to all

Who just in spirit dwell.

---

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#### A FAINT DESCRIPTION OF A HEAVENLY SCENE.

FAR, far, beyond all mortal ken,

In regions of celestial light,

Ethereal and divine — O let me dwell.

The mortal case of sense laid down,

Freed from all earthly dregs, the soul mounts up

In robes of truth, to take its seat above.

There



There mansions of eternal day,  
Prepared and suited to congenial souls,  
Resplendent shine in harmony and love,  
In scenes of endless peace and bliss,  
Where choral songs of saints and angels speak  
Their *ceaseless praise* of all-redeeming love.  
Soft melody from each abode,  
In unison re-echo themes sublime ;  
Melting the sound, intuitive the song.  
And when their golden harps they take,  
Seraphic strains fall gently on the ear,  
And wake the soul to exquisite delights.  
Sweet peace is felt, grand order reigns,  
*Order* transfix'd on earth by grace and truth ;  
Here *beams* immortal glory on the soul !



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